

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH!

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UNDER THE WAGON-SHEET

(Concluded.)

ALL this was the beginning of the rain, but it was by no means the last of it. We tried to proceed the next day, but had not traveled many miles when it began pouring so violently that we again went into camp. For several days we were delayed; and when at last

the sun shone out again, the roads were indescribable.

We soon became accustomed to sticking fast in the mud, and being pulled out again. Break-downs among the wagons were almost continuous; not only were singletrees and doubletrees in constant demand, but coupling-poles parted, wheels collapsed; and once a wagon-tongue was completely broken out, leaving the wagon at the foot of a steep hill, wedged up against a stump in the middle of a running stream.

Traveling in a wagon does very well in pleasant weather, but they are gloomily little dens that the wagon-sheets cover on a stormy day. Unlike other boats, the "prairie schooner" navigates best without water. Our stuffy little bedroom seemed more uncomfortable than ever to us, but we were forced, by unceasing storms, to remain in it most of the time throughout the trip.

ON THE BORDER

We crossed the rugged Flint Hills on roads that seemed all uphill. If we made a descent at all, it was short and sharp, with a higher hill on beyond; and it has always been something of a mystery to me, how we so suddenly arrived on the banks of the mighty Arkansas. I had noticed but little descent from the summit of the hills, yet it was not reasonable to suppose that the river flowed over their tops.

Our camp here was pitched in a grove within a full-fledged village of tents and wagons, occupied by other travelers, on journeys like our own.

To gain access to some articles in the bottom of our wagon, the men removed the bed-tick, and laid it across the wagon-tongue until time to make the beds for the night. Supper was prepared, and after it was eaten, we took a little walk by the river, and out on the long bridge. It was a beautiful moonlight night—almost the only one in the whole journey. The water "lap-lapped" on the wooden piles, and the white sand and rippling current in the broad, shallow stream, sparkled brightly.

We thought of many things as we gazed at the river. We stood on the dividing-line, so to speak, between civilization and the wilderness. The next day we expected to cross the border; and what would be our impressions of our new surroundings, so different from anything we had ever known? Doubts mingled with pleasant expectations, and we returned to camp without deciding which we preferred to do—turn back, or proceed on our way.

At camp what a sight met our eyes! There stood the old cow with her head thrust into our bed-tick, up to her eyes, rapidly transferring its fresh straw to one of her several stomachs. The mere idea of increasing the discomfort of our couch by the absence of so much as one straw, filled us with indignation, and we hastily drove old "Spot" away in disgrace.

DAWN IN CAMP

Very early we were awakened by a delicious burst of melody, issuing from the topmost branches of the great elm-tree under which our wagon stood. Wondering if it could possibly be near daybreak, I raised my head, and looked out. Yes, all around was the soft, gray twilight, with a touch of pink in the east, which proved that morn was near.

Mr. Redbird, in the elm-tree, continued his vociferous, "Get up! Get up!" alternated with trills of richest music.

"Oh, do hush up, you exasperating midget!" I mentally exclaimed;

"it is your privilege to get up early in the morning if you wish, but you need not waken every one else."

But our tuneful little neighbor neither "hushed up" nor went away; instead, he lingered in the elm-tree, filling the air with music. It was evident that he had not slept in a wagon that night; had he done so, he would not have been so prompt in meeting his appointment with the sun. His efforts did not cease until every one in camp was awake. Fires were soon built, and people came from wagons and tents in great numbers; then, as if satisfied, our persistent little red-feathered monitor, with a flutter and whirr, darted off, a scarlet flash, into the depths of the forest.

ONE PLEASANT DAY

Usually, the most ardent admirer of camping-out life would hardly go into ecstasies over a mover's wagon as a vehicle of pleasure; but on a perfect spring day, amid unfamiliar and interesting surroundings, there is a certain charm about wagon travel, which is sure to be felt if one has the slightest particle of poetry in his nature.

For miles we traveled across an undulating prairie, extending on every side as far as eye could see. No buildings marred that perfect stretch of soft, brown grass, which, as yet, spring had scarcely touched with green. The line of movers' wagons, creeping like a white serpent across it, was the only sign of life in the landscape; while bright sunshine and soft breezes enhanced the beauty of the scene. Our admiration was boundless, and that one enjoyable day was sweet to remember.

THE FIRST INDIAN

Occasionally we met a solitary horseman or wagon, but we were constantly on the lookout for Indians, and became quite excited and impatient to catch our first glimpse of one. We expected him to appear in blanket and feathers, riding madly across the prairie on a wild little pony. Presently we noticed a covered wagon approaching; and as it came nearer, we saw it was drawn by a team of raw-boned ponies. A man and a woman sat up in front, and glancing at them as they passed, we were surprised to behold two copper-colored visages reflecting the curiosity in our own. Numerous small brown heads protruded from the sides of the wagon, revealing the existence of several papooses within. Indeed, the whole family formed a party of travelers not much different from our own, except in complexion.

"TOLE BRIGE"

Eventually we crossed a long bridge, spanning a deep and frightful-looking ravine, with a stream at its foot. A road had been cut down its steep banks; and as we passed, we saw several wagons stuck fast in the mire of the stream, with their owners working desperately to set them free, and guide them up the sharp climb on the other bank. The bridge bore the sign, "TOLE BRIGE," in large black letters, and we preferred paying "tole" to fording the gorge.

AT THE FERRY OF THE SALT FORK

The weather turned suddenly colder, and our wagon-sheets were wet with mist, and frozen stiff, when we took our place in a line of wagons a mile long, waiting to ferry a large river. For hours we awaited our turn, gradually drawing nearer and nearer the foaming red water, while all the time the sleet was pattering on our ice-covered wagon roof.

There was a fording-place near, but the stream was high, and to cross it was a dangerous undertaking. Suddenly on the opposite bank appeared an open wagon, containing two Indian squaws, and this time they were wrapped in red blankets! We expected them to wait for the ferry-boat, but, instead, they drew their feet up into the seat, and drove straight into the roaring river. Their danger seemed fearful; but lashing their ponies furiously, they succeeded in keeping them headed for shore, and at last scrambled up the bank. They went rattling past us, laughing as merrily as if angry rivers were but playthings, and ferry-boats all nonsense.

Finally we drove down upon the boat with our vehicles and teams, but the free animals were obliged to cross at the ford. When the colt, the heifer, and the old cow saw us leaving them behind, they plunged boldly into the icy water; but the cow evidently found the bath rather too cold to enjoy, and probably thinking she saw a way out of it, turned straight toward the ferry-boat. Reaching its side, she tried her best to clamber up, but with shouts and curses the old ferryman beat her back with his pole. Again and again she tried, but always with the same result, till finally she gave it up, and swam on to the shore.

The sleet had given way to a snow-storm, and we proceeded on our way with nothing but a frozen bit of canvas between our heads and the softly falling flakes.

Travel was difficult; nevertheless, we continued to jolt slowly along the slippery roads. Presently we came to an uneven spot, and our ill-fated wagon gave a slide through the slush into a rut, snapping one axle off like a cornstalk, and letting the corner where we women sat, down on the ground.

What to do we did not know. There we were, in the middle of the Cherokee Strip, twenty miles from a blacksmith's shop, and one wheel off the wagon. The unlucky conveyance was dragged out of the road, while the steady procession of passers-by gazed curiously at us, as we sat there, helpless, in the snow. Some called out a sympathetic word, but that was scant comfort.

Help came in such a wonderful way that I have always regarded it as a direct interposition of Providence. A passing traveler stopped to ask what our trouble was, and informed us that he was a wagon-maker, going to the new country, and having his tools with him. He offered to repair our wagon, and went into camp on a little creek near by.

Any one can imagine how pleased we were. The wagon was unloaded, and the box lifted off on the ground; the broken wheel was dragged across to the wagon-maker's camp, where a small tree was cut to make a new axle; and the work began.

Those were dreary days for us women, encamped in the wagon-box. The snow ceased falling, but was crisply frozen by sharp, frosty weather. Covered wagons passed unceasingly, and some of the travelers seemed to think we were "sooners." This greatly amused us, and gave occasion for one of our drivers frequently to call out to the passing throng, "Yes, we're 'sooners,' but we'd *sooner* go on."

THE BLOSSOM IN THE SNOW

Time passed monotonously enough while we waited to resume our journey. We were obliged to sit, wrapped up, near the camp-fire, in order to keep warm. As I sat there one afternoon, listlessly scratching the ice from the loose brown grass, I presently noticed a solitary dogtooth violet, which the recent warm weather had lured forth. Poor little flower! it was doing its best to smile, in spite of its icy surroundings, and I helped it all I could by clearing away the snow, and letting the sun shine upon it. During the three days we waited for our wagon to be repaired, that little violet was company for us.

For quite a distance we met with no further mishap of consequence; but one evening we were making a desperate effort to reach a certain new town before camping for the night. It was getting dark, but the town was near, and we continued to drive toward it. At last, when it was quite dark, the wagon in which we traveled ran into a bog, and stuck fast. This time the two back wheels went down, and it was impossible to raise them in the darkness. There was nothing for it but to pass the night there—and such a night! We rested at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and were continually slipping down, until our feet went under the wagon flap, and into the calf's pen. And all the time, the lights of the village twinkled provokingly just ahead.

FIRST NIGHT IN THE CLAIM SHANTY

Many and varied experiences befell us before we reached our claim, but to describe them all in detail would perhaps grow tiresome. Once the wagons were fired upon by skulkers, and one of the hired man's dogs and our own greyhound were shot. Indians of all descriptions became familiar objects, and incidents and accidents occurred without number. As a closing trial, another wagon wheel collapsed, within two miles of the claim; but this time we were able

to borrow a wagon to carry our weary party to their destination.

Poor as it was, we were glad when, at last, we drew up beside the little box-house on the claim. It was at least a start toward better things, and with thankful hearts we welcomed the opportunity for a night's rest where we could stretch out to our full length, and turn over without compressing some other poor mortal.

Though very tired, I did not go to sleep immediately, that first night in our claim shanty. I remember that the night was clear, with bright starlight and a young moon, and I lay and gazed up at the stars through the cracks in the unfinished roof. There was a slight breeze blowing, which moaned about the eaves, making me feel rather lonely and out of the world in that vast wilderness.

But soon bodily fatigue overcame all else, and I forgot the moaning wind and the loneliness, and dropped to sleep, to awaken to a new life beneath the claim shanty's roof.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.



HEALING THE NOBLEMAN'S SON II

"When He Heard That Jesus Was Come."—The nobleman whose son was sick at Capernaum had probably almost given up in despair. No doubt one physician after another had pronounced his son stricken with a fatal disease. In this hour of darkness, a wonderful message reached the ear of the sorrowing father, "Jesus has come."

The nobleman had doubtless heard of Jesus' first miracle, performed at Cana but a short time before; and when he learned that this mighty wonder-worker was within eighteen miles of Capernaum, he immediately purposed in his heart to go and entreat him to come down and save the dying child, reasoning, no doubt, that if Jesus had power to turn water into wine, he could turn sickness into health, and suffering into happiness. And can not the father whose son is, even to-day "dead in trespasses and sins," take courage as he hears the message, "Jesus is come"? Read what he himself has said: "For the Son of man *is come* to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10. Not only does the word tell us that Jesus *came*, but to you and me the message is, "Jesus *is come*."

Take courage, then, despairing father; do not give up, praying mother; work on, sister, for your wayward brother. The case is not hopeless: "Jesus is come." Tell him the sorrows of your heart and the burden of your soul. He is here to-day. Seek his face, call upon him, and he *will* hear you.

"He Went unto Him, and Besought Him."—The nobleman did not seek Christ until he was in serious trouble. Just so it is to-day with many who are seeking for worldly honors, riches, and pleasure. Few search for God with their whole heart until they are overtaken by trouble, sickness, and sorrow.

This miracle in a special manner illustrates the beginning, the growth, and the ripening of faith, in the nobleman's experience. First, he had faith enough to lead him to seek Christ; second, he had faith enough to hold on to Christ in the face of delay; and third, he had faith enough to believe the Master's word,—faith enough to accept the miracle as having been performed while as yet he could see no results; to believe the Saviour's word, although the

miracle had been worked directly contrary to all his plans and expectations. However weak the nobleman's faith, it was strong enough to lead him to seek Christ, and offer *earnest prayers*. He did not plead his nobility; he did not plead the righteousness of his cause; he pleaded only his great need. "Come down ere my child die," was his simple prayer of faith. We should ever remember that we are not heard for our much speaking; neither is prayer answered because of the righteousness of the one who prays. Our great need is the tongue that pleads our cause most eloquently with the Father.

"That He Would Come Down, and Heal His Son."—The nobleman's faith was so weak and imperfect that it limited Christ's power to perform miracles and heal diseases to the sphere of his personal presence; and it was particularly in this respect that his faith had to develop until he could believe that Christ could heal the child without going to Capernaum. His faith must become sufficiently strong to believe the scripture which says, "He sent his word, and healed them." The nobleman thought it necessary for Christ to come down to Capernaum in person, in order to heal his child, and in this he manifested a weakness of faith. But however weak and imperfect the nobleman's faith, this one thing is clear: it was strong enough to lead him to *seek Christ personally*. He did not send soldiers, nor servants, nor friends, but went *himself* to bring the divine Healer to the bedside of his dying child. This was considerable condescension on the part of one who was in the habit of giving his personal attention only to matters of great importance; usually, servants were sent to do his bidding; and yet in view of his *great need*, even though his faith was not perfect, it was strong enough to lead him to go in person to the Son of God, and implore his help.

Faith which is not strong enough to lead the sinner to seek Jesus personally—to go in person to the foot of the cross—is hardly strong enough to save from the guilt of sin and the power of evil. Jesus did not rebuke the nobleman because he asked him to work a miracle of healing. He rebuked him rather because he asked him to "*come down*" and work it. His faith in asking for help was right; but his unbelief, which led him to think that Jesus must *come down* to Capernaum in order to heal his son, was wrong. Jesus wanted to teach the nobleman, and through him, all of us, that his sympathy and love are everywhere present; that the ear of the world's Redeemer is ever open to hear the cries of his needy children. The apparent severity of the Saviour in dealing with the nobleman was not for the purpose of discouraging a soul seeking help, but rather to dispel forever the idea that the Saviour's personal, visible presence was needed in order to secure the healing of the soul or body.

So one great lesson is learned from the nobleman's mistake in asking Jesus to "*come down*" in order to save his child. To-day many souls with mistaken ideas of how rightly to receive the blessings of spiritual or physical healing, are earnestly and perseveringly beseeching the Lord Jesus Christ to *come down* to them, and save them from their sins or bless them with earthly joys, when, if their faith would only grasp it, they might at once go their way in peace, with the full assurance that the thing they ask for is already done, and that his healing word has already gone out in answer to the call of living faith. We must be careful not to make the mistake of the nobleman in thinking it necessary that we should see signs and wonders, together with unusual and extraordinary manifestations of the divine presence, in order to receive the healing touch of the invisible Master.

W. S. SADLER.

(To be continued.)

IN THE
CHRISTIAN
PATHWAY

A FORECAST

UPON the earth, sin-blighted,
Are many beauty spots,
Wherein the eye, delighted,
May read her Maker's thoughts.

Above to-day's keen sorrow
We catch a song of hope,
A promise for to-morrow,
That bids the soul look up,—

Up to the hills of glory,
Where sin shall never come,—
The land of song and story,
The saints' eternal home.

There blossoms never wither,
And joys shall never cease;
Oh, let our steps bend thither,
Along the paths of peace!

Beside the happy waters,
The river, calm and broad,
Shall Zion's sons and daughters
Forever dwell with God.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

JOSHUA'S LAST WORDS

II

ONCE again before his death Joshua summoned the people before him. He knew that the infirmities of age were upon him, and that soon he must lay his responsibilities upon the representative men of the nation. Obedient to his summons, the tribes assembled at Shechem. No spot in the land possessed so many sacred associations. It carried their minds back to God's covenant with Abraham and Jacob, and recalled also their own solemn vows upon their entrance to Canaan. Here were the mountains Ebal and Gerizim, the silent witnesses of those vows which now, in the presence of their dying leader, they had assembled to renew. On every side were reminders of what God had wrought for them; how he had given them a land for which they did not labor, and cities which they built not, vineyards and olive-yards which they planted not.

By Joshua's direction the ark had been brought from Shiloh. The occasion was one of great solemnity, and this symbol of God's presence would deepen the impression which he wished to make upon the people. Earnestly and solemnly Joshua gave his last charge to those who would soon be left without his counsel. He reviewed once more the history of Israel, recounting the wonderful works of God, that all might have a sense of his love and mercy, and might serve him "in sincerity and truth." Briefly he mentioned the most important points of their history since leaving Egypt, reviving their faith by calling on them to remember that not one of God's promises had failed.

After presenting the goodness of God toward Israel, Joshua called upon the people, in the name of Jehovah, to choose whom they would serve. The worship of idols was still to some extent secretly practiced, and Joshua endeavored now to bring the people to a decision that they would banish this sin from Israel. "If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord," he said, "choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Joshua desired to lead them to serve God, not by compulsion, but willingly. Love to God is the very foundation of religion. To engage in his service merely from the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, would avail nothing. Open apostasy would not be more offensive to God than hypocrisy and mere formal worship.

The aged leader urged the people to consider, in all its bearings, what he had set before them, and to decide if they really desired to live as did the idolatrous nations around them. If it seemed evil to them to serve Jehovah, the source

of power, the fountain of blessing, let them that day choose whom they would serve,— "the gods which your fathers served," from whom Abraham was called out, "or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell." These last words were a keen rebuke to Israel. The gods of the Amorites had not been able to protect their worshippers. Because of their abominable and debasing sins, that wicked nation had been destroyed, and the good land which they once possessed had been given to God's people. What folly for Israel to choose the deities for whose worship the Amorites had been destroyed. "As for me and my house," said Joshua, "we will serve the Lord." The holy zeal that inspired the leader's heart was communicated to the people. His appeal called forth the unhesitating response, "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord to serve other gods."

"Ye can not serve the Lord," Joshua said; "for he is a holy God; . . . he will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins." Before there could be any permanent reformation, the people must be led to feel their utter inability, in themselves, to render obedience to God. They

Men gain nothing by rushing on before the Lord. Many have thought their own endowments sufficient for an enterprise. So Moses thought when he slew the Egyptian. But he was obliged to flee for his life to the desert. Here he kept sheep for forty years, until he learned to be a shepherd of men. He learned his lesson so perfectly that though the Lord revealed himself to him, and spoke with him face to face, as a man speaketh to a friend, he did not become lifted up. "Follow me," Jesus says. Do not run before me. Follow where my footsteps lead the way. Then you will not meet the armies of Satan alone. Let me go before you, and you will not be overcome by the enemy's planning.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A DAUGHTER'S PART AT HOME

ONE of the sweetest things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial welcome is peculiarly fitting. Do not stand off in the middle of the room, and bow coldly and formally to the friend who has called. Walk over to meet her; give her your hand, and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again. Stiff, cold, and formal ways of greeting acquaintances are not proper in a girl welcoming guests to her father's house.



A BEAUTY SPOT

had broken his law; it condemned them as transgressors, and it provided no way of escape. While they trusted in their own strength and righteousness, it was impossible for them to secure the pardon of their sins; they could not meet the claims of God's perfect law, and it was in vain that they pledged themselves to serve God. It was only by faith in Christ that they could secure pardon of sin, and receive strength to obey God's law. They must cease to rely upon their own righteousness, they must turn from idolatry, and trust wholly in the merits of the promised Saviour, if they would be accepted by God.

To us to-day Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing." He is stronger than the strongest human power. The weaker you know yourself to be, the more you should realize the necessity of leaning on the Great Teacher, and the stronger you may become in his strength. In your weakness he will perfect his strength. Sanctify the Lord God of hosts, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. Only trust him; and though weak, he will strengthen you; though faint, he will revive you; though wounded, he will heal you.

But even more important than her manner to a guest who happens in for an hour or a day, is the manner of a daughter to her father and mother. The father returns to his home after a wearying day at business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, he throws off care; he is joyous at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence. His young daughter, with the bloom and freshness only girlhood wears, should be ready to give him the attention he loves—the kiss, the cheery word—to help her mother and the rest in letting her father see how much he is loved at home. Men give up a great deal for their families,—their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in life's experience. They spend everything freely for their home's sake, and the home should pay its debt in much outspoken love.—*Harper's Round Table.*



PARTING

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
 But for one night though that farewell may be,
 Press thou his hand in thine.
 How canst thou tell how far from thee
 Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-
 morrow come?
 Men have been known to lightly turn the corner
 of a street,
 And days have grown to months, and months to
 lagging years,
 Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
 Parting at best is underlaid with tears and pain.
 Therefore, lest sudden death should come be-
 tween,
 Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
 The hand of him who goeth forth.
 Unseen, Fate goeth too.
 Yes, find thou always time to say some earnest
 word
 Between the idle talk,
 Lest with thee henceforth,
 Night and day, regret should walk.

—Coventry Patmore.

ARE YOU HEEDING THE WARNING?

MAY 30 a party of eight young persons were swept over Flat Rock Dam, in the Schuylkill River, near Philadelphia. The party consisted of six girls and two boys, ages ranging between eighteen and twenty-one. Only one, a young man, escaped alive. They attempted to go through a lock, by the side of which was the fall of twelve feet. The lock-keeper had warned them of the dam; but the warning was unheeded, and the harvest of death followed.

What an object-lesson is this in the spiritual life! Thousands, nay, millions, are even now taking their first step in pleasurable sin. The whole thought is of having a good time, now. The present hides the future. The seed-sowing is pleasant. It may be the first glass of wine or beer, the first cigar or quid, the first step in gaming of some sort, the first companionship with questionable characters, the first ever-abasing lie to save the humility of a manly or womanly confession. Friends see our danger, and warn us of the death awaiting. They tell us that just a little beyond is the break in the smoothly placid, swiftly flowing river, beyond which no human arm can withstand its current. Do we laugh carelessly and go on? They tell us with tears that a few circles more is the maelstrom, and we shall be engulfed in its hungry heart. Is our present enjoyment too intense to heed the warning? They tell us that lying dormant in every seed of sin, is the baleful fruit of death, waiting only the seed-sowing in a young, vigorous life to bring it to sad maturity.

O friends! young men and women, who possess the God-given possibilities of useful lives, if yielded to God, heed the warning voices of your friends on every side. Note the awful signposts of wrecked lives, of lazar-houses of disease, which violated law is everywhere exhibiting to save you from a like fate. Be warned in time. Sow to righteousness, reap in mercy. See in the clear vision of a living faith the future in the present, and let the future fruitage and the future kingdom reign in your lives even now.

M. C. WILCOX.

CATTLE

CHILDREN having an experience in life on a farm, are familiar with the call, "Come, boss! come, boss!" yet few, no doubt, have ever understood its meaning and origin.

Bos is the name of the genus, or race, to which cattle belong. This genus is divided into two primary groups,—the humped-backed cattle,

or zebus, *Bos indicus*, and the common, domesticated, straight-backed cattle, *Bos taurus*.

Oxen, as domesticated animals, appear among the very earliest records of civilization, and are found sculptured on Egyptian monuments that were set up two thousand years before the Christian era. Remains of oxen have been found in the Swiss lake-dwellings, in company with the stone implements of the so-called Neolithic, or "stone-age," man.

The forty or more breeds of cattle in Britain and on the Continent are derived it is claimed, from three distinct species, *Bos primigenius*, *Bos longifrons*, and *Bos frontosus*. The remains of the first of these, or the urus, have been found among the Swiss lake-dwellers, and are supposed to have run wild in the forests of Europe, Cæsar describing some he saw in the Hercynian Forest, in size as large as an elephant. As late as the sixteenth century, mention is made of these cattle being favorite subjects of the chase. A skull in the British Museum, found near Athole, measures three feet in length, and three feet six inches between the horn cores. Some of the British wild cattle, descendants of the urus, are still preserved in Cadzow Forest, Chillingham Park, Lyme Park, and Chartley.

Bos longifrons were indigenous to Sweden. Cæsar found vast herds of them in Britain, and his army subsisted on them. Even yet their remains are occasionally found. Professor Owen regards *Bos longifrons* as the original of the Welsh and Highland cattle.

Remains of *Bos frontosus* are found chiefly in the lake-dwellings of the bronze period, and are supposed to have been common in certain districts of Scandinavia, also in Irish *crannoges*, or stockaded islands, and to have been the progenitors of the Norway mountain cattle.

Short-horned cattle are the descendants of *Bos longifrons*. Polled cattle are the result of careful breeding of small-horned cattle, while the long-horned Saxon cattle are representative of the *primigenius* type. The Hungarian cattle of the Continent are the largest of all.

The cattle of Friesland, Jutland, and Holstein were introduced into Spain by the Goths, and were the progenitors of the vast herds of the pampas of South America. Tradition has it that the original shipment consisted of seven cows and a bull, shipped from Andalusia to the city of Asuncion in Paraguay, in 1556, and that from these have come "the polled cattle of Paraguay, the hairless breed of Colombia, and that most monstrous of existing breeds, the natas, two herds of which Darwin saw on the banks of the Plata, and which he describes as 'bearing the same relation to other cattle that bull or pug dogs do to other dogs.'" W. S. CHAPMAN.

STANDARD TIME

"WHAT time is it?" Few questions are more common than this, and yet each day the United States government goes to a great expense in giving it an official answer. To ascertain the instant when it is noon on the seventy-fifth meridian, and to send that information all over the country, is a great and a costly task. The Astronomical Observatory in Washington computes the true time, which is thence transmitted by electricity to every important city and town.

About five minutes before the Washington noon the telegraph companies cut off all their regular business, except on lines where they have more than one wire. They then connect all important points, from which there may be numberless ramifications, with an electric wire going into the great clock in the observatory, so that all over the country its tickings may be heard. For the ten seconds just before twelve o'clock there is silence, which is broken by the "noon beat." Regular business is then resumed.

In some cities the wires connect with a time-ball, which drops with the noon beat. The time-ball in Washington, over the State, War, and

Navy Department building, is three feet in diameter, and can be seen from all parts of the city. Crowds frequently gather about to see it fall, a distance of twenty-one feet, high in the air. The man whom some of the spectators suppose to be dropping the ball is merely there to hoist it again.

In the building beneath there are twenty-three clocks, which are each day automatically corrected by it. An electrical device "sets" them, placing hour, minute, and second hands exactly vertical at the instant the ball drops. The hands that are too fast are pushed back, and those that are slow are thrust forward.

Although Washington is on the seventy-seventh meridian, the noon hour is for convenience computed for the seventy-fifth, the time standard for the eastern part of the United States. In the central belt, which is governed by the ninetieth meridian, the signal from Washington means eleven o'clock; in the Rocky Mountain belt it is ten o'clock; and on the Pacific Coast it is nine.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE GREATER NEED

It seemed to me that if the Lord should say,
 "My child, put on this martyr's crown —
 The thorns are sharp, the blood will flow —
 But thus it is I test my own:"

It seemed that I should courage find,
 Nor quail nor falter at the call;
 But with exultant thrill could say,
 "For thee, my Lord, I gladly bear it all."

And yet, alas! and yet I could not bear,
 With patient soul, the stress and strain
 Of one small day; but cried aloud
 And fretted sore at trivial pain.

It seemed to me that I could love, forgive, —
 Aye, even cherish, or uphold and tend,
 Him who had wrought me ill; and yet —
 I was impatient, faithless, with my friend.

He knows us best, the Master of the school:
 He portions well the task we need;
 Who can not wisely bear life's petty ills,
 Shall he for higher lessons plead?

—Eva Williams Malone.

A QUICK RIDE

HAVE you ever taken a flying ride on an ice-boat? If so, it was one of the most thrilling experiences of your life, especially if you rode the beam with a hard northwest gale blowing. Now "riding the beam" is standing on the extreme windward corner, and holding on by the shrouds while fairly flying over the ice.

I will tell you of a little "mix-up" I once had with an ice-boat. The village where I lived was on the banks of old Lake Ontario. There was a small stream which ran into the lake, forming a good-sized bay, about two miles across. During the summer the farther side had grown up to rushes, cattails, etc., all of which were frozen in the ice. The old sailors in the place had just finished a fine, large ice-boat, and had left her all aslack, head to the wind, and had gone to dinner before trying it. Of course, like all boys, I wanted to try that boat all alone. So I fastened the sheets, and pushed the stern around till she caught the wind, or the wind caught her, I never knew which. But away we flew. I tried to jib the boat, but I could not budge the tiller. All I could do was to keep her head from the wind, and let her go. She went, and we were an incredibly short time traveling that two miles. And when we struck those rushes and cattails, it seemed as if a big load of hay had been blown up with dynamite. But that stopped the head-way somewhat, so that when we struck the bank, the shock only broke the jib boom, strained some of the standing rigging, and threw me about forty feet into a snowdrift.

As soon as I could catch my breath, I picked myself up, and hurried around the hills for home. I did not say anything about my ride, and it has always been a mystery to those old sailors how that boat got away. THE SKIPPER.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

LAZY CATS CAN'T EAT MICE

Pussy, one cold winter evening late,
Sat washing her face by the open grate.
She'd had a good supper of milk and bread,
And felt, as she looked, for a cat, well fed;
But she wanted a mouse as a final bit,
Yet so dreaded going in search of it!
For the pantry was chilly; and far away
The cellar damp, where the plump mice stay;
'Twas hard to clamber up stairs so straight,
And harder to sit in the dark and wait.
So pussy, deciding to do without,
Rather than search for a mouse about,
Tucked her pink nose down in the hearth-rug fur,
And curled herself up with a drowsy purr.

Safe in the pantry the naughty mice
Nibbled the crackers and spoiled the rice,
Scattered the raisins and ate the cheese,
And waded the flour-bin to their knees.
Well did they know that, with puss away,
Every bad mouse had a time to play;
And frolic they did, while the lazy cat
Slumbered away on the warm fur mat,
Stinting herself, and refusing, too,
Aught that another might please, to do.

Thus it is ever with those who shirk
Tasks of their own or another's work;
Of no use to themselves, unsatisfied,
They're useless to every one else beside.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

OVER AND OVER

"Oh, if I could just get these dishes washed, all at once, so they would stay clean for always!" sighs Dorris, as she looks out at the beauty of the spring day, and feels its voice calling her in a way hard to resist. "I'm so tired of doing things over and over. If they would only stay done, I wouldn't mind doing them once."

How many other girls besides Dorris, at the selfsame task, or at others as tiresome, are saying the same thing! and thinking perhaps of a time when they will not have to "keep doing the same thing over and over."

But, dear child, such a time will never come as long as the sun rises and sets. If you should not have the same tasks, still others would become as monotonous if you brought a discontented spirit to the doing of them. And there is the secret of making the little things that must be done "over and over" a pleasure and a joy—a contented, happy spirit. Why not? Nothing in God's plan for his children is useless or unimportant or insignificant; and these things that seem of so little value to us may, in his plan for us, hold a very high place. Then if we believe in his love, and profess a willingness to let him choose our work and use our hands, shall we not trust him to give us that which is best for us to do?

THE KING'S GARDEN

"So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how."

Did you ever cast any seed into the ground, and wait for the tiny, green shoots to "spring and grow up"? If you never have, be sure to do so this spring. If you have no garden, you can sow enough seed in a box of earth or a flower-pot to teach you many valuable lessons of the kingdom of God. For Jesus said: "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground."

As the seed is cast into the ground, and as it springs and grows up, we may learn from it about ourselves, and the work that God, the

great Husbandman, or Gardener, is doing in our hearts.

For "ye are God's husbandry,"—his tillage, or land where he sows his seed. How eagerly he watches for the tender blade that marks the first upspringing of his grace; yet how patiently he waits for the great, glad harvest day, when all the fruits of his toil and sacrifice will be safely garnered.

Are you not glad that you may be a little corner in the King's garden? You love the beautiful, sweet-smelling flowers that are beginning to appear on the earth, now that "the time of

fruit, or anything else?—No; all that it can do is to bring forth what has been put into it, wrapped in the tiny seeds that are cast into the ground. These beautiful things do indeed spring out of the dust of the ground, but all that the garden can do is to cause the things that are sown in it to spring forth.

When I told you that you are a little corner in the King's garden, did you think how very different you are from the little plot of ground that you call your garden? Listen: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." And unto Adam he said, "Dust thou art."



A LAZY PUSS

the singing of birds is come" again, do you not? So does the King take pleasure in his garden, and the buds and blossoms of grace that grow there in the fresh springtime of youth are very precious to him.

But you know that none of the beautiful flowers that you see, not even the field daisies or buttercups, no, not even a tiny blade of grass, could come out of the earth, if not first *put into it*. There must be seed cast into the ground if anything is to spring up and grow.

Could the earth, of itself, produce violets and primroses, May-blossoms and lilac, corn and

The very name that God gave to man—Adam, meaning "earth"—was to help us always to remember that we are only dust, with no more power in ourselves than the dust of the ground under our feet. If God should take away the breath of his life from us, we would all "perish together," and "turn again unto dust."

And so you see that since we are only dust, we can not bring forth any good thing from ourselves, any more than the dust of the ground can. Nothing beautiful can grow in the King's garden, except that which comes from the seed that he sows there.

What is the seed that God sows in his garden, his kingdom?—You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that it is the very same that he has sown in the ground to make it bring forth grass, flowers, and trees. Now you are thinking of the little brown flower-seeds, of the golden grains of wheat, and of other seeds that you have seen, and you are saying, How can this be? How can such seeds as these be sown in my heart?

But do you know that the real seed, that from which all these seeds that you can see have come, is something that you have not seen? "The seed is the word of God," and God first cast this seed into the ground when he said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb, the fruit tree, the seed. Read all about it in the first chapter of your Bible. And it is this same seed—the word of God—that he sows in the hearts of his children on earth.

When we want to have a beautiful garden, we are very careful about the seed we put into it. We plan just what we want to grow there, and then make sure of getting the seed of the very thing that we wish for. We know that we are sure to reap just what we sow, if the ground is good, and the seed is kept there.

Now God is very particular about his garden; he wants in it only the choicest and sweetest plants, and he wants all the fruits of the Spirit to be brought forth in each "little plot of hallowed ground." So he provides good seed, which will, if received into good ground, and kept there, cause it to bring forth just what he wants. And this seed is his own word.

From God himself come forth all things in earth and air and sky. They are formed in his thought, and wrapped up in his word, as the plant is enfolded in the seed. That seed of the word went forth into the earth in the beginning when God spoke to the ground, and commanded it to bring forth grass and trees. And the earth received the word, and that which had been in the thought of God sprang forth and beautified the ground.

You would like, would you not? to be able to speak to the ground in your own little garden, and then see your own thoughts springing up all over the ground—to have all the lovely flowers that you could think of springing out of the earth in obedience to your word?

But let me tell you that you can do something much better than this. In the seed that he has provided, you can take the living word that God himself has spoken to the earth, and you can put that into the ground; and then as it springs and grows up, you can watch *the thoughts of God unfolding*. Ah, how much more wonderful, how much more beautiful and glorious, are his thoughts than ours!

The seed, you know, is the baby plant of the one from which it comes, or rather, it contains the plant that is to be, wrapped up in its close folds. When this is put into the ground, it grows after the kind of plant from which it came.

Now God wants his children to be just like himself, and his garden on earth to be an exact copy of the one above. So he plants seeds from his own divine nature, to bring forth "each after its kind" in his earthly garden, the human heart.

Remember that we are made "partakers of his divine nature" by the "exceeding great and precious promises" that he gives us in his law, and you will see that each one of his commandments is a divine seed from the heart of God, which he puts into our hearts to fill us with the beauty and fragrance of his own holy character. In each one is wrapped up a thought of God, which he desires to see unfolding in our lives.

EDITH E. ADAMS.

"Just one little maiden,
Who works with heart and hand,
Is the very best beginning
For a missionary band."



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

WHAT are you going to do, boys,
With the years that are hurrying on?
Do you mean to begin life's pure purpose to win
In the strength-giving dew of the dawn?
The toilers who build while the morning is filled
With song and high hoping may rest,—
Their duties all done,—as they watch the glad
sun
Drift down in the beautiful west.

What are you going to do, girls,
With the years that are yours to employ?
Are you molding a heart a sweet charm to impart,
As the roses their fragrance of joy?
'Tis by loveliest thought lovely features are
wrought;
Think beauty, if beauty you'd win;
For the charm of the face is the soul's perfect
grace
That shines like a jewel within.

—Nixon Waterman.

"A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT"

A WHOLE brass band on the street outside can't keep you awake when you are sleepily; but one little buzzing mosquito can, if he keeps close to your head, and understands his business.

I want to put one word into your minds so that it will buzz around there until you silence it in the only way possible,—by obeying it. You can silence a mosquito by one blow—if you hit him; but a living word is never stilled unless we do what it tells us.

I shall not tell you what this word is, but let you look for it among all the other words of my sermon. It is very little, and almost as broad as it is long; yet when you look at it, it divides itself into three heads. These I will cut off, one by one, and give to you. Maybe they will be like the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed, that grew into mighty warriors.

Plant these heads in your mind, and great sermons, better than any you ever heard, will grow out of them.

When I was a child, the minister who used to talk to us in the day-school and Sunday-school said a great deal about our "preparing for life," so that I got the idea that children and young people were not really living, like grown-ups but were just getting ready to live.

You have seen a little brown ball on the warm side of the fence, haven't you, which, after a long time of silence and inaction, suddenly bursts into a beautiful, bright-winged butterfly?

That's the way I used to think about children—that they were in a kind of chrysalis state during their youth, and that by and by they would burst into a beautiful manhood or womanhood.

I have since found out that there is a great deal going on in the dull-brown cocoon,—the steady growth of the gay wings and the buoyant body that makes a creature for the upper air and the sunshine. Everything depends upon the work going on in the grub.

There is just the same connection between childhood and manhood.

My wrong thought about myself led to one of the worst mistakes a child can make,—I kept putting off my life; and when that becomes a habit, it is very hard to stop.

I suppose there are gray-haired persons in the world to-day who formed that habit in youth, and they are still practicing it. They mean some day to do brave and loving deeds; but I fear they never will. So the first head of my sermon is this: *Do not postpone your life.*

Have you not heard children talk as if truthfulness was not necessary for them, because they were children? Have you not seen boys and girls daily practice deceit at school and on the

playground, which would shock them if they should see it in their parents at home?

Rudeness and cruelty are called "fun" in play. Lying to a teacher is a "joke." This all grows out of the idea that the early years are not a part of the real life; that the laws that make or ruin character have nothing to do with the young.

Why, I half expected that on some wonderful day, perhaps when I first put on a long dress, I should suddenly blossom into a sweet, gracious, self-possessed lady, like some of those I admired. So boys dream of manhood,—that height of stature will bring the dignity and self-mastery which they covet. This is a great mistake. There is nothing for you in manhood or womanhood but what you carry with you into that estate. Heavier loads will be laid upon you, greater tasks be given; but the wisdom and strength for the great matter, the grace and skill for the sudden need,—these must be in you when you meet them.

No day will ever be more important to you than this one, none more solemn, none more glad. Let me prove this. You have made, or will make to-day, a choice between right and wrong. Two ways open before you,—the way of appetite and the way of duty, the way of selfish pleasure and the way of service, the way of diligence and the way of laziness.

You never can deal with weightier matters than these; for there are none in earth or in heaven.

The important-looking men you meet—the railroad president, the bank director, the merchant, the doctor—are none of them engaged with any loftier matters than this,—the choosing between right and wrong. Any day that offers you such a choice is a great day.

There is a story in the Bible about a great soldier who had brought his people into a beautiful new land, which was to be their home. He gathered them all one day in a valley between two mountains, and talked to them about right and wrong. One mountain, he said, meant Right, and he called it "Blessing;" the other meant Wrong, and that he called "Cursing." Then he told them they must choose between them which they would serve.

Every day you stand between two such unseen mountains, and you are choosing. Every choice makes one of the mountains grow higher and stronger, until Right becomes a shelter, a defense, and an eternal home; or Wrong becomes a barrier that shuts you into loneliness and sorrow.

There is another proof that you are really living now, in that you have tasks that take all the power that is in you to do well. If you are not, you haven't the right kind of home or school; your chores or your lessons are not well chosen unless you have to work at them "for all you are worth."

Now what greater test can after-life bring you? Let me tell you plainly, boys and girls, this is all that there is to life, in palace or cot, shop or farm,—all the rest is ornament and finish; these make up the real stuff,—the opportunity of choice, and work that challenges our noblest powers.

The second head of my sermon grows out of the first as we think about it.

We can not postpone our lives, after all. Youth is not a preparation, but a probation. That sounds theological, but it means just this: each day is a test, and makes the character of the next day. Youth is the testing-time for manhood and womanhood. We never get rid of yesterdays. Sometimes, even now, some lazy choices that I made years ago reach out their long arms and pull me back when I am about to enter into some beautiful palace of knowledge or power.

A college boy wrote to his younger brother: "Don't fool away your time. Get all the accomplishments you can. You'll be glad of every one when you get here."

Sometimes when you see a life suddenly blos-

som out in a glorious deed, like that of the young man who risked his life, and lost it, in the effort to save a drowning servant-girl; or in an act of supreme grace, like that of Sir Philip Sidney's passing the coveted cup of water to a wounded comrade beside him, with his last atom of strength; or in one of godlike courage, like young David when he went forth to meet the armed giant, it seems a miracle; but it is not.

If you could trace all these deeds back, you would see the same spirit revealed over and over again in the little hidden acts of their lives, just as all the parts of a plant are different arrangements of the leaf-form, the crowning blossom itself being only the final expression of that which the plant began to say in the first little green shoot. David slew the giant, but he met the bear and the lion first while tending his sheep, and practiced many a time, out in the fields, with that old sling and the pebbles. Daniel became a great man at the king's court; but his greatness was of slow growth. Before he ruled in the palace, he ruled his own appetite.

There is many a boy who thinks he could withstand the temptations of a city, who can't resist the temptations of his mother's pantry. *Life can not be postponed*; for all the time we are building our characters, making our futures.

But the last and most important head of this sermon is this: What you wish to be some day, begin to be *now*.

You are going to be a gentleman,—that is, a clean, polite, kind person. That word "polite" comes from a Greek word meaning "city." A city is full of people, so a polite man is one who behaves as if there were a great many people besides himself, whose rights and pleasures he must look out for.

You mean to be a lady; that is, a quiet thoughtful person, who sets everybody at ease in her presence. Begin now to control your voice, to rise up before age, to be eyes to the blind and ears to the deaf, to keep the buttons on your shoes, your hands clean, not to crowd for your rights. There are imitation ladies and gentlemen made up of dress coats, high collars, silk dresses, and languishing airs; but they are like artificial flowers—pretty to look at, but deceiving nobody. Gentility is a slow growth; it can not be put on with the first dress suit or party gown; it must grow up within you.

You mean to be heroes and heroines; the stuff of heroism is in us all, for we feel it thrill when we hear or read of noble deeds.

School is good soil in which to plant the seed of heroism. If you can not stand alone for principle against the school, you will never be able to stand against the world.

A boy who flunks when he is called a baby, will never bear being called a crank.

You mean to be Christians some day—Christlike men and women, helpers, saviors. Do a Christlike deed to-day,—deny appetite for love, return scornful with helpfulness in your own little circle.

A boy was once telling his mother what a wonderful house he meant to build for her when he was a man; but a short time afterward she asked him, for the third time, to fix up the wires for her morning-glory vines. We neglect the little chances, and then the great ones never come.

NOW is yours; sell it not for any future. There are two classes of people to be pitied, those who are "going to," and those who "wish they had." Join yourself to the elect few who know the value of to-day.—*Selected*.

"SUPPOSE a telegraph wire completely encircling the earth. If you should send through such a wire a message to China, the electricity would keep right on, and would return to you here in America. Foreign missions constitute just such a wire, and no one can serve foreign missions without becoming as a result more zealous in the home field."



THE CLEANSING OF THE LEPER.

(June 29)

MEMORY VERSE.—Isa. 1: 18.

1. What is leprosy? Note 1.
2. When one of the Israelites was afflicted with this terrible disease, what was he obliged to do? Lev. 13:45; note 2.
3. What great man was once subject to leprosy? To whom did the little Hebrew girl refer him? 2 Kings 5:1-3.
4. When the king of Syria wrote concerning him, how did the king of Israel feel over the case? Vs. 5-7; note 3.
5. When Naaman came, finally, to Elisha the prophet, what was he told to do? What was the result? Vs. 10, 13, 14.
6. What does the Lord say of one who is filled with sin? Isa. 1:5, 6.
7. Is there any human cure for the leprosy of sin? Jer. 2:22; 13:23.
8. What is God's remedy for sin-leprosy? Zech. 10:1; Isa. 1:16, 18.
9. What offering did the Lord command for cleansing the one who had been afflicted with leprosy? Lev. 14:4.
10. How was the offering then made? Vs. 5-7.
11. What did the person himself then have to do? Vs. 8, 9.
12. Where was the leper while this service was performed? V. 3; note 4.
13. In order to cleanse away the leprosy of sin, where did Jesus make our offering? Heb. 13:12, 13.
14. What other offerings were made by the leper, in order to be fully cleansed? Lev. 14:10-20; note 5.

NOTES

1. In all the world there is no disease more terrible or more loathsome than leprosy. It matters not what the form of the disease may be, it is to be dreaded and shunned. No cure for it has ever yet been found, and thousands upon thousands of poor souls are to-day spending lives of misery, while their only hope is a wretched death at last. One has said that leprosy is nothing short of a living death. "By the ritual law [that is, the law of Moses], the leper was pronounced unclean. Like one already dead, he was shut out from the habitations of men. Whatever he touched was unclean. The air was polluted by his breath."

2. "Away from his friends and his kindred, the leper must bear the curse of his malady. He was obliged to publish his own calamity, to rend his garments, and sound the alarm, warning all to flee from his contaminating presence. The cry, 'Unclean! unclean!' coming in mournful tones from the lonely exile, was a signal heard with fear and abhorrence."

3. The king of Israel knew the disease to be incurable, and when the letter came asking him to heal Naaman, he thought the king of Syria was seeking a quarrel. When he said, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive?" he simply said, No one but God can ever heal a leper.

4. We have already seen that the leper was shut away from his family and from all his friends. He had no place among his people. He was shut out from the camp of Israel. And not until he was thoroughly cleansed from all the stains of his disease, could he return. It was therefore necessary for the priest, who was to make him clean, to go outside the camp where the leper was. If he had not done so, there would have been no way for the leper ever to

return. And just as it was with the leper, so it is with us. There is no place for us among the saints of God until we are cleansed; and we could not be cleansed, had not Jesus left heaven, and come where we are. And this is what he did. He left the glory of heaven, the worship of angels, and the joy of countless worlds, to come to this world, in order to lay his hand upon the lepers of sin and heal them. It is true, too, that when Jesus died as our offering, he went outside the gate of Jerusalem.

5. There are many precious lessons for us in the service of cleansing the leper. There was in it something for the priest to do, something for the family of the leper to do, something for the leper himself to do. At the command of the priest the friends of the leper brought the offering, the priest sprinkled the blood, the leper washed and shaved himself and cleansed his clothes, and afterward made his offerings. In being cleansed from sin-leprosy, there is a work for us all. Jesus, our great High Priest, will serve us, but he also asks us to do for one another and for ourselves. *He* will not do what *we* can do. Let us study carefully our part; but above all, let us be sure that our cleansing takes place before the time of cutting off shall come. Oh, let us allow Jesus to do his full cleansing work in our hearts, that we may find at last a place in the "camp of the saints"—the New Jerusalem.



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FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY:

"No unconsenting soul can be made to sin, and so sin is inexcusable. The door has the bolt inside, and no hand but mine can throw it."

MONDAY:

"Circumstances do not make character. They are the scaffolding on which we stand while we build character. The scaffolding will go, but the character will remain."

TUESDAY:

It was said of one that as he prayed, he spoke as if God was near, and talked with him so really and confidently, that those who were beside him found themselves almost looking around to see where God was.—*Taylor.*

WEDNESDAY:

The privilege of laboring is to me more and more precious. I would not choose the spot; I would not choose the circumstances. To be able to do something is a privilege of which I am altogether unworthy.—*Mary Lyon.*

THURSDAY:

Unless you put out your water-jars when it rains, you will catch no water; if you do not watch for God's coming to help you, God's watching to be gracious will be of no good at all to you.—*Alexander McLaren, D. D.*

FRIDAY:

Is thy cruse of comfort failing? Rise, and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.
For the heart grows rich in giving, all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.
—*Mrs. Charles.*

SABBATH:

"Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1:9.

REMEMBER that our new department on Young People's Work begins with the next number of the INSTRUCTOR. This will contain a Bible study on the topic treated in the first chapter of "Steps to Christ," with other matter that will be helpful to the work that this department represents. It is the design to have these Bible studies of such a nature that they will be an aid in conducting the regular meetings of the young people. Suggestive programs, reports of work done, and suggestions for practical missionary effort will also be given from time to time.

In this connection it might be well to repeat

the appeal made last week for reports for this department. You know that the reading of a bright, live report, full of courage and enthusiasm, is a help to you; then, if you have, in active service for the Master, received a blessing, pass it on in this way, that others may be encouraged by your example, and thus the good work grow in influence and power.

WISE ADVICE

A good thought is brought out in the article on "Canvassing in the Sierras," given last week. The canvasser had tramped mile after mile over mountains and through valleys, and had sold few books. He was tired, homesick, discouraged. Then the temptation came, as it always does come sometime to those who are doing the Lord's work, "I will give up."

"No!" said the schoolmaster in that little mountain town—"no! stay by it through thick and thin. The world is full of men who quit. We want men who will hang on."

Truly, that is the kind of men that the world wants, and considered simply as worldly advice, these words may be regarded as a sure guide-board to success.

But if the world needs such young men—those who do not give up at the first taste of difficulty, but who stick to their purpose "through thick and thin," how much more does God's work on earth need such whole-hearted service! A great work has been committed to the church to which the young people who read the INSTRUCTOR belong—a work that reaches to the very ends of the earth, and includes in its scope "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." None are to be left out: all are to receive a last invitation to the feast.

And every young person who reads these lines is called to have a part in this work—called to stand by it loyally, with no thought of giving up till it closes. There will be difficulties—but did the early apostles stop at persecution, exile, or even death in its most cruel and terrible forms? Then should one who has girded on the armor of Christ, who has purposed to live for him, and to tell others of his goodness, his love for men, and his soon coming, even falter, hesitate, "give up," because of the difficulties in the way?—Never! Rather, let him take to himself the words of that grand apostle of the faith: "Watch ye, stand fast, . . . quit you like men, be strong." And as he does this, let him remember the word, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

IN the instruction that has come to the young people through the INSTRUCTOR during the last few years, there are many earnest appeals and stirring admonitions to gain a living experience in the things of God, and then to work for those around. The following paragraphs are selected from many that might be given, and commended to your earnest, prayerful consideration. No additional words are needed to set forth the importance of what they present: if further evidence were needed, each could find it in his own heart. Read these words more than once; preserve them, and read them often:—

OUR DUTY AND OPPORTUNITY

I wish that all the young could see, as I have seen, the work that they can do, and that God will hold them responsible for neglecting.—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. III, page 378.*

Youthful friends, who have professedly given your hearts to Jesus, you are to be laborers together with God. Great responsibilities have been intrusted to you. Ye are a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men.—*Youth's Instructor, March 2, 1893.*

If the youth would do *what they could*, according to their limited years and experience, they

would be a blessing to others. Let them do work according to the best of their ability, and ways and opportunities will open before them to do more.—*Id., Aug. 17, 1893.*

Those who have experienced the love of Christ can not be idlers in the Master's vineyard. They will see opportunities for helping others in their steps to Christ. Partaking of Christ's love, they will labor for the souls of others. Let every soul copy the Pattern, and become missionaries in the highest sense, winning souls to Jesus.—*Id., Oct. 20, 1892.*

PRAYER AND SERVICE

There is a great advantage in beginning to love and serve God in early youth; for the earlier in life you begin the service of God, the more distinctly you will reveal the impression of the heavenly Spirit. Let the youth who would serve God remember that only one day at a time is his own. Let him begin his day as if it were the last day he should pass upon earth, and let him close it in earnest prayer that God will bless his efforts and influence.—*Id., June 28, 1892.*

Let our youth live and work as in the sight of Heaven, and not strive to put forth something new and startling, but to *present the simple, blessed lessons* which Christ has given to his disciples to be passed along the lines to our times. Let their actions testify that they know how to pray, how to labor personally for souls for whom Christ has died, *not waiting for some promising subject, but laboring for the sinner just as he is*, revealing to him the love of Christ for fallen man.—*Id., May 4, 1893.*

How much need there is that the youth who are to be witnesses for Christ, learn how to labor for those who know not Jesus. What you need is a living experience in the things of God, and simplicity in presenting the love of Christ to the lost. Many of the souls out of Christ are in deplorable ignorance of even the simplest facts concerning the plan of salvation. When the heart is aglow with the love of Jesus, you will express it to others, and become witnesses for Christ.—*Id.*

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

While your hands are engaged in labor, if you desire to become intelligent in spiritual things, if you desire to have your mind directed heavenward, you might commit to memory texts or portions of the Scriptures, and thus train your mind to dwell upon things that are pure and lovely. The heart that is stored with the precious truths of God's word, is fortified against the temptations of Satan, against impure thoughts and unholy actions. It is essential that we search the Scriptures for ourselves; for we want to understand what is truth.—*Id., July 28, 1892.*

Let not the children and the youth neglect to be doers of the word. Let young men and women and children *go to work* in the name of the Lord. Let them unite together upon some plan and order of action. Can not you have a band of workers, and have set times to pray together, and ask the Lord to give you his grace, and put forth united action? You should consult with men who love and fear God, and who have experience in the work, that under the movings of the Spirit of God, you may form plans and develop methods by which you may work in earnest and for certain results.—*Id., Aug. 9, 1894.*

WE hope all who possibly can do so will supply themselves with "Steps to Christ" before the beginning of the regular studies on the book, which begin next week.

WE wish to call your special attention this week to an article on page 198, "A Word to the Wise Is Sufficient." Read it carefully; then cut it out, and keep it where you can read it again if you should find yourself needing it. "NOW is the accepted time."